

Literary News and Criticism

The Master Builder of United Italy.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAVOUR. By William Roscoe Thayer. With illustrations and maps. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xvi, 684, viii, 562. The Houghton Mifflin Company. GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY. By Guy Macaulay Trevelyan. With four maps and numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. 313, 312. Longmans, Green & Co.

These two sizable volumes are especially welcome as the work of an American historian. They may be hailed, without fear of contradiction, as the standard life of Cavour in English, the only one that, in conception and execution as well as in scope and thoroughness, is worthy of its illustrious subject. A life of Camillo Benso di Cavour cannot be complete without a minute history of his times, not only in Italy itself, but in the councils of Europe, and this Mr.

Thayer has given us. An enthusiast he is, perhaps even somewhat of a partisan, but ever so with reason. It is good, indeed, with last year's Italian celebration of unity still in mind, to find the noble Anglo-American partisanship of the period of the Risorgimento still burning bright and clear in these pages, even though in them the greater, steadier light of Cavour is made, in all history, justice, to dim the romantic, flickering flames of Mazzini and Garibaldi. In the true perspective of half a century the statesman looms far larger, indeed, than do his soldier-king, the dreamer-conspirator and the inspiring leader of the Thousand in Sicily.

Cavour, too, was a Man of Destiny. Nothing proves this better than the story of his early life in circumstances that seemed to preclude all hope of his ever gaining the power to serve his fatherland. The genius he had—he was a born statesman of the first rank—but his opportunity was slow in coming. The younger son of an ancient noble house, he was destined for the army, from which, the soul of honor, he resigned because he judged the service of his reactionary King incompatible with his liberal opinions, with the aspirations for a free, united Italy which were even then germinating in his brain. Nothing remained for the young ex-soldier, suspect to his government, but to go into exile as his father's land agent at Leri. And yet it was there that he gathered his knowledge of political economy, his appreciation of the value to the state of scientific agriculture, industry and sound finance, of railroads and popular education. It was during these years also that he found time to visit the strongholds of liberalism in Europe—Switzerland, England and the France of Louis Philippe—bringing back with him that faith in a constitutional monarchy as Italy's true salvation for which he fought till the day of its realization in the face of many republican dreams, conspiracies and propagandas. Cavour's banishment in early life, the apparent end of his career, proved to be his best apprenticeship for his glorious life's work.

Cavour the statesman has been accused of duplicity, of treachery, even. Mr. Thayer shows him to us as an opportunist in the highest sense of the word, as a master builder who used circumstances and men toward the realization of the noblest and highest of aims only, who used them and knew how to check them when they threatened to force beyond his control; who even, when necessary, knew how to create situations favorable to his vast, steadily developing plans. A liberal of the liberal of his time, imbued with English principles, he employed the diplomacy of his opponents. It was the only weapon that could possibly lead to results. Metternich is reported to have said on his deathbed: "There is only one statesman in Europe to-day. That is M. Cavour—and he is against us." And Bismarck, historically the Italian's junior by far more than the five years that elapsed between their births, declared of the bold forward movement in 1860, which effectively counteracted the many dangers of Garibaldi's landing at Naples and brought the kingdom into being, that "Cavour raised himself to the highest degree of human morality by employing the most astute immorality in the construction of Italy. To warm one's hands at the smoking ruins of one's country while giving one's self the facile congratulation of never having lived is the virtue of a monk, not of a man." Withal, Mr. Thayer proves the personal honor of the man, his disinterestedness and probity in an age when financial corruption in office was the accepted rule. Charges of dishonesty were made against him time and again, but

dupe, Napoleon, and of his many opponents. The sketch of Antonelli is bitten deep with the acid of contempt and the point of a fine indignation. It is, indeed, against the temporal power of the Papacy, against the conditions it created in the Papal States, that Mr. Thayer's "partisanship" is directed with all the strength of his command; but he is careful throughout to distinguish between the Church—the religion—and the corruption and oppression perpetrated in its name. Nor are the conservative English statesmen before Lord John Russell and Palmerston permitted to escape scot free, while as for the Prince Consort and the King of Belgium, who between them shaped and directed the political opinions of Queen Victoria, Mr. Thayer expresses himself with the greatest freedom. Prince Albert consistently opposed Cavour, whom he considered an unscrupulous and unprincipled third-class politician. Above all, he sought to avert the Austro-French War of 1859; yet the Italian statesman brought it about, on the day, so tradition has it, which he had set for its declaration—the second of his three master strokes.

Of Cavour's private life and character the author gives us a succinct account. Of noble birth, he was unwaveringly loyal to the duties of his caste—"noblesse oblige" was no idle phrase to him. His daily life was simple; indeed, the man appears to have been almost entirely absorbed by the unprecedented task of the statesman. His emotional experience seems to have ended with his early love for the Countess Anna Guisminant, a woman his senior by several years, of a rare mind and great personal fascination, who idolized him and desired to see the man of genius. Cavour would have given up his future for her. Mr. Thayer assures us—it certainly did not look promising at that time—but she, with her feminine foresight, forbade the sacrifice. "This is a affair," the author says, "closed Camillo Cavour's period of storm and stress." His many gallantries thereafter apparently never stirred even the surface of his life.

Mr. Thayer omits a bibliography, because "the time has passed when that rather specious credential of erudition should be allowed to clutter general histories." Instead, he refers his readers in his preface to certain historians who have dealt at greater length than he does in this political biography with the economic, sociological and military phases of the Risorgimento.

Garibaldi and his Thousand have their chapter of honor in Mr. Thayer's work. Mr. Trevelyan has already devoted to them a spirited volume, "Garibaldi and the Thousand," and now completes the record of the hero's services to his country, begun in "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," with "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy." He takes up the narrative where it left off in the previous volume, at the capture of Palermo, and traces the course of the larger military and political events by which the enterprise, transferred to the mainland, led to the establishment of the kingdom. Like Mr. Thayer, he closes the record with that event, but for a different reason, for his hero lived to be wounded by an Italian bullet at Aspromonte two years later on his march to Rome, to visit England in triumph and to take up arms for Italy again in 1866 against the traditional enemy, Austria. Once more, in the following year, he made another desperate rush on Rome, to be stopped by French troops, and when at last, in 1870, the Italians did enter the Eternal City he was not there to share their triumph, though many of his old companions were. His effort to aid France under arms in 1870 was the last of his exploits, the practical ending of a career whose glamour grows in legendary proportions as its hero recedes further into the historic past. All this Mr. Trevelyan mentions briefly, and he omits all mention of the civic honors bestowed upon Garibaldi by Italy, loyal to him to the last—his election to the Chamber as Deputy for Rome, the generous pension voted to him. Garibaldi's true work, on which is based his claim

to Cavour in the first Italian Parliament with a brief reference to the "misdirected and malicious attack on the statesman who had been his guardian angel throughout the year of wonder," it is to Mr. Thayer that we must turn for a full account of a regrettable incident in the history of modern Italy. On the other hand, Mr. Trevelyan amplifies much that, owing to the difference in the centre of interest, Mr. Thayer deals with but briefly, and from his own—i. e., from Cavour's standpoint.

The fiftieth anniversary of the kingdom of Italy has been celebrated in English no more worthily than in these histories of the nation's two chief founders.

FICTION

Some New Novels in Lighter Vein.

PLAY BOYS.

SPANISH GOLD. By George A. Birmingham. 12mo, pp. 209. The George H. Doran Company.

The publication, in rapid succession, of Mr. Birmingham's stories in this country carries with it a certain danger, since it may reveal to his readers here too clearly the formula of his humor. "Lalage's Lover" was reviewed in these columns only the other day; "Spanish Gold" capably sustains the comparison thus invited, for it is as fresh and original and has a far different plot. Moreover, the author reveals a pretty talent for descriptive writing among the islands of the west coast of Ireland, whose people, transferred to the stage, have made a picturesque interlude in American theatrical history. This Mr. Birmingham achieves timeliness long after the writing of his story, which, by the way, does not enter into a study of morals and customs, but presents the surface of Irish character at its most irrepressible best. Now as to the plot. If treasure hunters are working in Tintern Bay over the wreck of a Spanish galleon, why should not an Irish curate of the Church of England and a half-pay army officer, British to the backbone after three generations of residence in Connaught, start on a similar expedition? And why, moreover, should they not discover, on reaching the spot, that others are there with the same purpose? It now develops upon the curate to outwit these others, which he does with a recklessness and fertility of invention that appal the major. There is plenty of adventure, but it is the high spirits of the story that count.

VAGABONDAGE.

DANNY'S OWN STORY. By Don Marquis. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. 12mo, pp. 325. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Marquis ventures into a field of American fiction that has been worked with great success by various writers, the field of life on the road, of vagabondage. Danny is a founding, whose experiences with his foster parents might well lead him to wish that he were lost again. So he starts out in life at an early age, joining fortunes with an itinerant medicine faker. He impersonates one of the Indians from whose tribe the faker is supposed to have obtained the recipe of his marvellous cure-all—"on the plains of Oregon." The couple drift into the "show business" with a fat lady, a snake charmer and a glass eater, go "broke," tempt fortune anew with a couple of acrobats and a balloon without a balloonist, there is a "Hey, Rub!" incident, Danny wakes up in a hospital with numerous contusions and three broken ribs, and, on recovering from his honorable wounds, starts out to find the faker again, whom he had last seen scolding northward tied to the balloon by the infuriated and duped spectators. Meanwhile the author is gradually developing his plot, whose apparent ingenuities are based on some very ingenious planning. There is excellent work also in the description of a trial of two white men in the South by a mob determined to lynch them. In short, Mr. Marquis keeps his reader constantly interested and entertained.

FETTERS AND FREEDOM.

VAGABOND CITY. By Wilfrid Boggs. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 32. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is still another parable of the struggle between Philistia and Bohemia, between the fetters that bind and the lure of the road that leads out into the wide, romantic world, between the temperament called artistic and the humdrum obligations of orderly life. And the temperament comes to grief; not through Philistia, however. The author has made rather conventional use of familiar characters and situations—English, like their setting, all but her hero, who is Irish—and, unfortunately, she has furnished an overabundance of comic relief in the shape of a pet pig and a dromedary charwoman, who temperamental occupies middle ground between

the two camps, though she does not know it, her convictions being aggressively proper and precise. Moreover, the Irish bohemian is occasionally very much of a boomer; not through his own fault, however, but because of the author's determination to parade his sense of humor. There is a good idea at the bottom of it all, and the story gradually works toward a dramatic climax, but the book, as a whole, is of decidedly uneven workmanship.

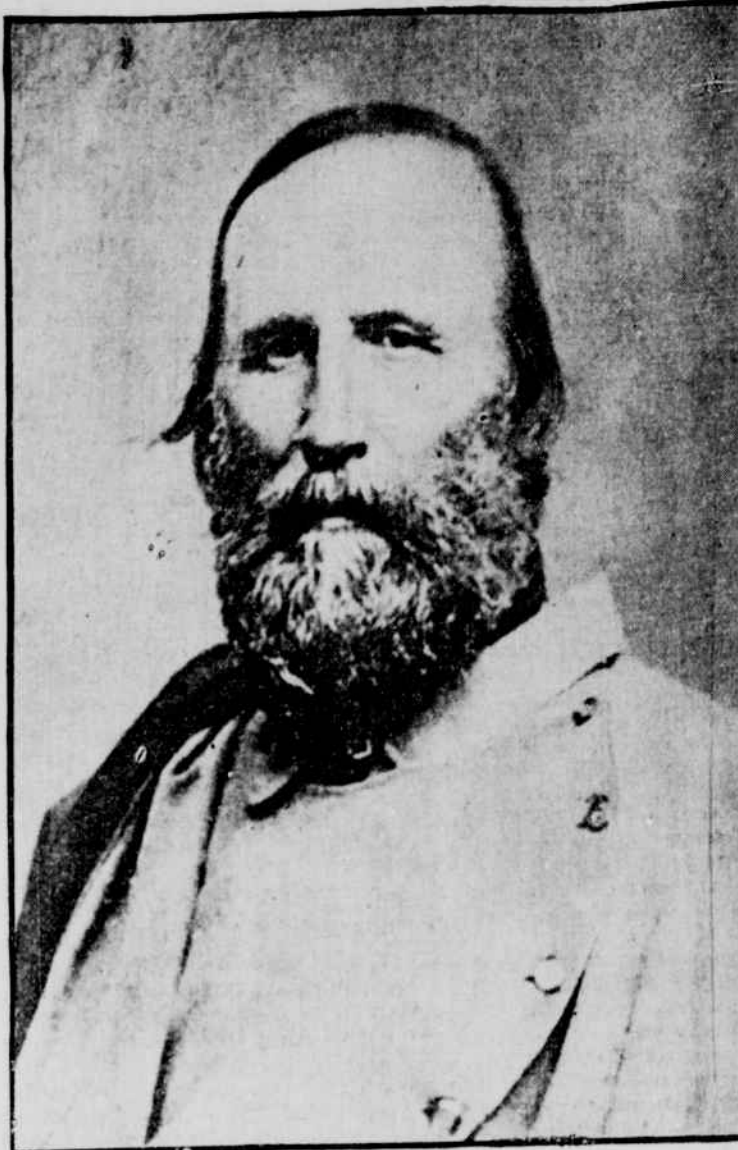
MEXICO

Its Past, Present and Future, as Seen by a Frenchman.

Paris, January 18. Count Maurice de Périgny, who some years ago was intrusted by the French government with a mission to visit Mexico and Central America and report on their social, political and economic conditions, completed his work in regard to the Central American republics last spring, and now publishes his book on Mexico, "Les Etats-Unis du Mexique," through the Librairie Orientale et Africaine Guilmoto. M. Marcel Dubois, professor of colonial geography at the Sorbonne, supplying an excellent preface. This is the most satisfactory French book that has yet appeared about Mexico. M. de Périgny gives clear, concise views of the pre-Columbian period, the Spanish Conquest, the Republic, the war with the United States, the European intervention and tragic regime of Maximilian and the influence and rule of Porfirio Diaz, the ablest statesman that modern Mexico has produced, and who will probably be remembered as a sort of Mexican Peter the Great.

The chapters dealing with commerce, industry, mineral resources and education are full of interest. Good schools seem just now to be the most urgent need of the Mexicans, who appear to have an innate aversion to sending their children to school. The census of 1910 showed that 80 per cent of the population could not read or write, and that the average number of pupils in the schools during the year just closed amounted to only 7 per cent of the population of school going age.

M. de Périgny points out that 75 per cent of the commerce of Mexico is with



GARIBALDI.

(From a photograph in "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy.")

are developing most rapidly are textiles, silks and cigarettes, and all three of these were started and carried on by Frenchmen. The industry of "chicle," or chewing gum, from Yucatan is assuming tremendous proportions. Efforts are being made to introduce the custom of chewing gum into Europe, and the first attempts in this direction seem to be encouraging. This excellent work of three hundred pages terminates with the remark made by General Bravo to the author, who said: "Mexico is today a *munchucho*." "Mexico is still merely an urchin." But the general added: "The boy is rapidly coming of age, and before long no one will dare to pull his ears!" C. I. B.

SHELLEY'S HOUSE AT SAN TERENZO.

Frederick Lees, in The Graphic.

It is profoundly saddening to the literary pilgrim to find, after travelling many hundreds of miles to the former haunts of poet or novelist, that the object of his quest bears the mark of time and neglect. Such is the impression which I received on seeing Shelley's house at San Terenzo, the beautiful little fishing village in the Gulf of Spezia. Could not something be done to rescue the Casa Magni, where the poet spent his last days, from the decay which will inevitably end in its total disappearance?

Mary Shelley took the Casa Magni in the early part of 1822, and on May 1 she, Shelley and their friends took possession of it. It was then a white house, with arches, and, according to Professor Dowden, it had once been a Jesuit convent. There was a ground floor and one story, the former almost washed by the waves. "Two staircases, one public, the other intended for a private staircase, led to the large dining hall, off which to the rear was Mrs. Williams's bedroom; while the seaward rooms, occupied by Mary and Shelley, faced each other on opposite sides of the central hall. The special advantage which the Casa Magni owned, besides its noble prospect and lovely surroundings, was a terrace or veranda of considerable width, which ran the whole length of the house and was precipitous to the sea. The windows of Mary's and Shelley's rooms looked upon this terrace, and an occupant of the dining hall could step out and in a moment stand in the presence of a landscape and sea view of unimaginable loveliness."

Tragically seemed to hover over this house from the very beginning of its occupation by the Shelleys. On May 6 Shelley, seizing Williams by the arm,



GARIBALDI AT THE STRAITS OF MESSINA.

(From a sketch reproduced in "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy.")

had a vision of a naked child (Allegria, the daughter of Clara Clairmont) rising from the sea and clapping its hands. Death and the means of quickly relieving himself of "needless suffering" was an almost constant subject of thought. He wrote to Trevelyan asking for prussic acid, adding: "I need not tell you I have no idea of suicide at present, but I confess that it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest." Mary, too, was often in a strange state of mind. "My nerves were wound up to the utmost irritation, and the sense of misfortune hung over my spirits," she wrote to Mrs. Gisborne. "No words can tell you how I hated our house and the country about it. Shelley reproached me with this. What could I answer? That the people were wild and hateful, that though the country was beautiful, I liked a more civilized place, and that there was great difficulty in living; that

"Annual" contains seventy-three illustrations, which include reproductions of paintings, to which prizes have been awarded, mural decorations and sculpture unveiled, and portraits of artists who have died within the year.

Marie Corelli, Prophetess.

Miss Marie Corelli has written an article in an English magazine in support of the pessimistic utterances of the Dean of St. Paul's—"The Gloomy Dean," as he is called. Says Miss Cassandra Corelli:

"The present is a time when we are called upon to witness the beginning of the decline of the greatest of empires—the British—when we may watch its magnificent fabric, once the envy of all other nations, crumbling before our very eyes—its pillars of state pulled down by riotous demagogues—its splendid traditions put to shame by both parties in its Parliament—of the one in sheer outburst, by the other in no less disgraceful inaction. Every student of history knows that when the foundations of religious faith are shaken—when it becomes 'a house divided against itself,' then national disasters are close at hand. Man deprived of any high spiritual ideal of life quickly reverts to mere selfish savagery."

A Thackeray House.

The house at Hadley Green, near Barnet, in which Thackeray stayed when he arrived in England from Calcutta, and where his mother lived, is offered for sale. Another interesting fact connected with the little house is that it is panelled with wood from the flagship of Admiral Byng, who was executed in 1757 for his failure to relieve Minorca.

Miss Harraden's New Novel.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," who has written nothing for several years, has finished a new novel, which will be published simultaneously this spring in England and in this country. The Frederick A. Stokes Company will be the American publishers.

Francis Espinasse.

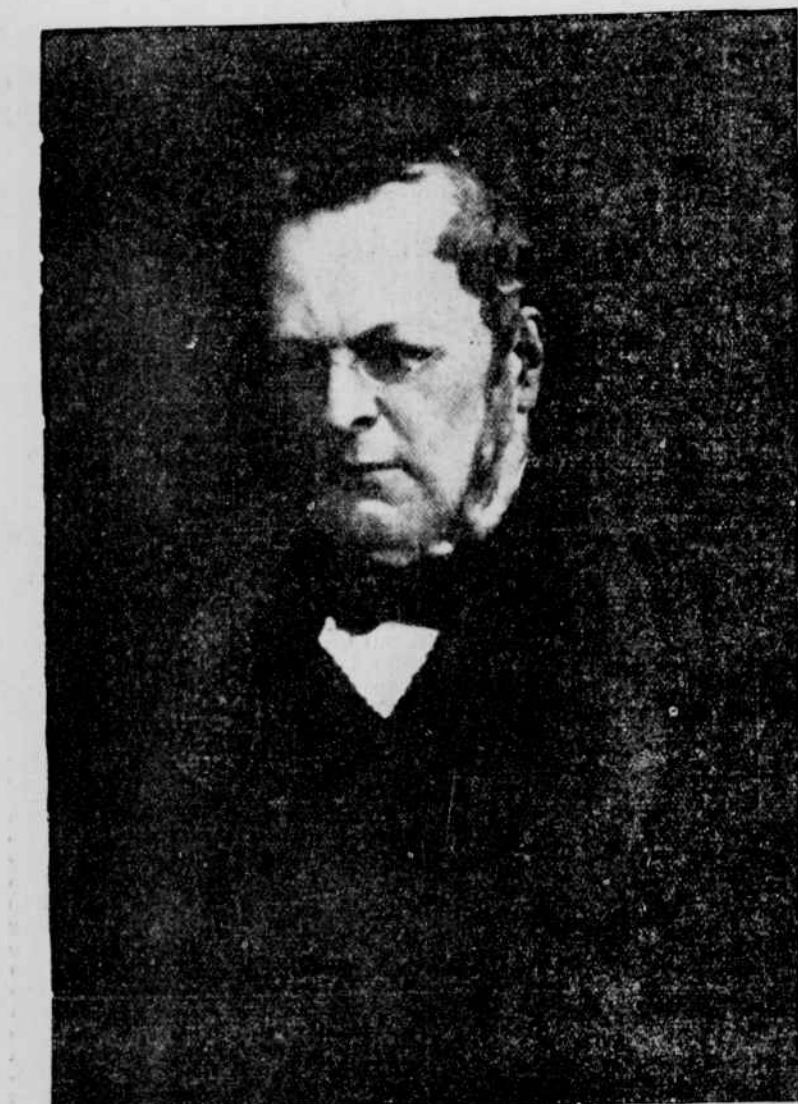
A veteran Brother of the Charterhouse, Mr. Francis Espinasse, has just died in England. He knew Walter Scott, and was also intimately acquainted with George Henry Lewes, George Eliot, John Forster, Wordsworth and Carlyle. Wordsworth is said to have warned him against adopting a literary career, but this advice he disregarded. Mr. Espinasse was both a journalist and the author of books of sketches and recollections.

English Publishing Statistics.

The books published during 1911 in the United Kingdom reached the highest total ever recorded there for one year, viz., 10,914 volumes. Fiction headed the list, with a total of 2,215. Of this number, 1,238 were new books and 977 new editions. Religion came second and sociology third. Poetry and drama accounted for 628 new books, but in these figures new editions and translations are included. The largest increase was shown in books on philosophy, religion, science, history and biography.

The Work of Henry Osipov.

The friends of Henry Osipov, the illustrator, caricaturist and painter, who died at the early age of thirty-one, have just published a volume to his memory in London. It consists of a series of reproductions of the artist's work with an appreciation by Mr. Oliver Onions, and is entitled "The Work of Henry Osipov."



CAVOUR ABOUT 1857.

(From an oil painting by Ciserà at Santena, reproduced in "The Life and Times of Cavour.")

flushed over his face, and he then said with a sigh, "Ah! if everybody had your courage, what you have just proposed would already be done." Castelli, writing nearly twenty years after the event, sets the date "toward the end of 1854." One day, when he and Farini were discussing the acts of the Great Powers, and the possible outcome for Italy, Farini started him by inquiring, "What if Piedmont could take part in this war?" Chiala thinks this conversation took place in the autumn of 1855, a likelier time. But the important fact is not whether Farini, or Marchioness Albert, or Cavour himself originated the suggestion; nor is its exact date of consequence; but all subsequent European history, including the liberation and unity of Italy, was moulded when Cavour, having once conceived of this project as a possibility, bent his genius to accomplish it.

Reference has already been made earlier in this review to the fruition of Cavour's labors, the realization of his aspirations, by his bold move in 1859, fraught with international as well as internal dangers, successfully averted. If ever the end justified the means it was

in this case. Bismarck's words will suffice. Well might this great son of Italy, who served her so faithfully and indomitably so ably and wisely, exclaim with his dying breath, on June 6, 1861: "Italy is made—all is safe." A decade was still to elapse before the proud edifice was completed as he had planned it, before Rome was made the capital of the kingdom, but his work was none the less accomplished at the hour of his death.

Mr. Thayer fills his pages with kitsch and full-length portraits of Cavour's great contemporaries—of Victor Emmanuel, the "honorable King," the *Re Galantuomo*, who with unflinching high patriotism supported the statesman with whom personally he had little in common, and from whom he differed seriously on occasion; of Mazzini and Garibaldi, that hero strayed from medieval romance into the nineteenth century; of D'Azeglio, Crispien, *i tutti quanti*, patriots all, and with portraits of Cavour's great

to immortality, was completed, like Cavour's, in 1860.

The end came in his white house at Caprera on a June evening in 1862. The old sailor, farmer and fighter was propped up on the pillows to watch for the last time the sunlight gliding the waves and the granite rocks. While his life was slowly ebbing out two little birds whom he had taught not to fear him fluttered in from the moor and sat chirping on the window sill. The attendants were about to drive them away, lest they should disturb him, when that voice was heard once more by men, bidding them let the little birds come in, and always feel them after he was gone. And having given these orders he went upon his last expedition.

Mr. Thayer and Mr. Trevelyan acknowledge their indebtedness to each other in the course of the writing of their respective histories. Indeed, it is far from unprofitable to read Mr. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi" in connection with Mr. Thayer's chapter on the Thousand, and beyond, for the sake of the difference of the angle of vision. Mr. Trevelyan, for instance, dismisses Garibaldi's onslaught



VICTOR EMANUEL II IN 1857.

(From a contemporary photograph reproduced in "The Life and Times of Cavour.")



JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(From an illustration in "The Life and Times of Cavour.")

the United States. Great Britain comes next in order, but a long way behind. For many years France held the second place among European nations in respect to commerce with the republic, but since 1900 Germany has attained the second place, and France is to-day only third. Among the new industries that

all our Tuscans would leave us, and that the very fargon of these Genoese was its effect on Shelley's nerves—horrible visions in his sleep; the invasion of the Casa Magni by the sea, the fall of the house, the occupants' lacerated bodies, and a vision of himself strangling Mary. But the final tragedy was yet to come—the drowning of Shelley.